NOW READY,

Volume One of VANITY FAIR, in a neat and strong binding. Price $2 00.

For sale at the office of publication,

113 Nassau-street

UNDERWOOD'S SMALL MICROSCOPES,
MAGNIFYING MORE THAN 500 TIMES.

A set of 4 lenses, ready for use, and equal to a compound microscope. Sent (paid) by mail for $1.

C. B. UNDERWOOD,
114 Hanover Street,
Boston.

JAPANESE
HOUSE BROOMS,

A light and beautiful article.

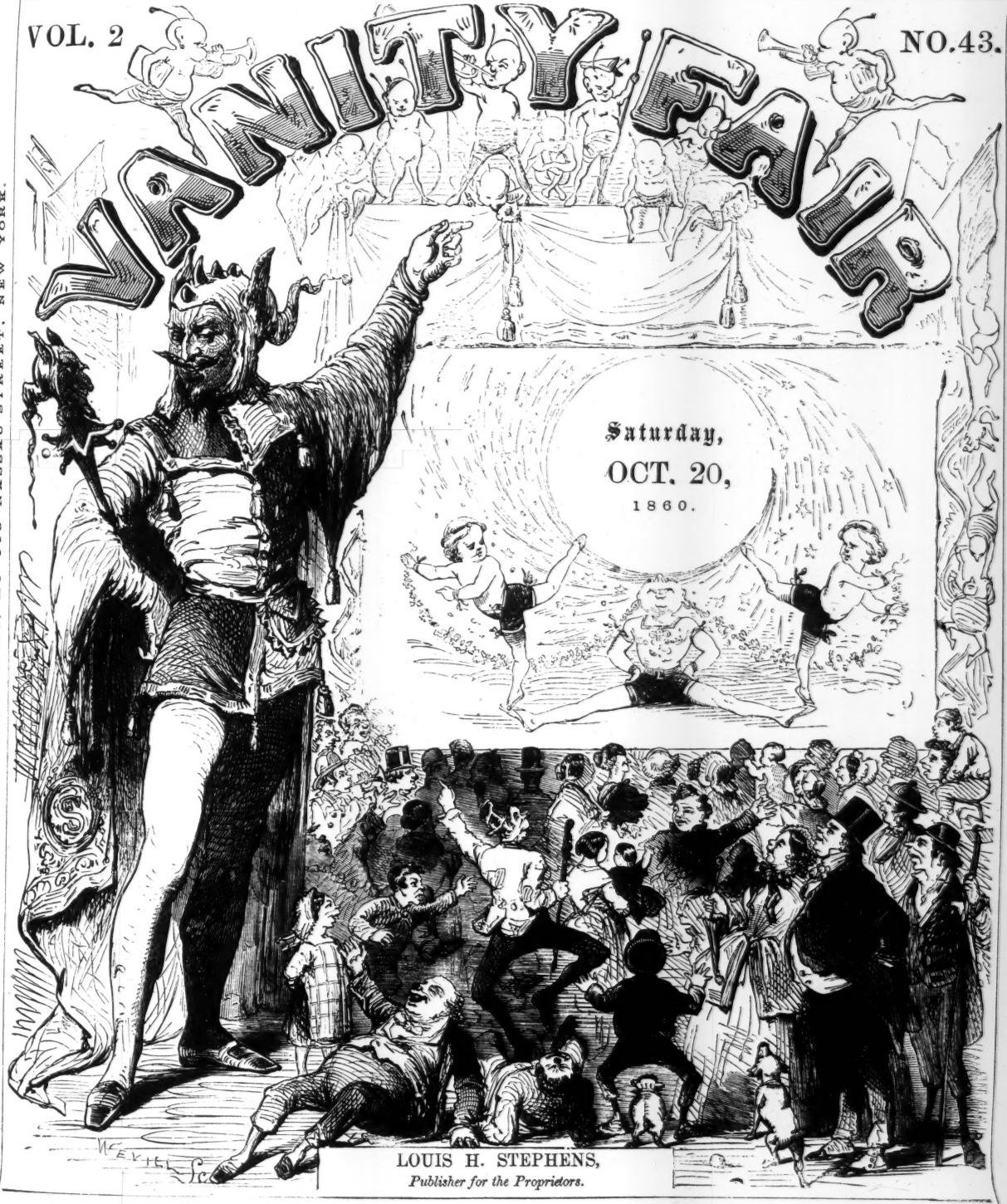
Price 50 cts. each. For sale by

JOHN T. BRADY, Broker,
105 Wall St., up stairs.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL. Now Publishing Weekly. Three Cents. CONTENTS: The best Literature, Poetry, Music, Scientific research, Wit and Humor, Gardening, Chess, Tales, Recipes, and other matters interesting to all intelligent readers. Try one number. Publishers, A. HARTHILL & Co., 20 North William-st., N. Y.

VOL. 2 NO. 43.

VANITY FAIR



Saturday,
OCT. 20,
1860.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 113 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

RICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

See Book List on Fifteenth Page.

VANITY FAIR.

Rates of Advertising in Vanity Fair.

On the 2d and 15th pages, 10 cts. per line each insertion
On the 16th page 15 " "
On the 1st page 50 " "

*** Instead of making a deduction as heretofore in the case of standing advertisements, the rate in future, will be as above for each insertion, and from this there will be no deviation.

From the New York Daily Times.

The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS,

THE BEST LITERARY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY,

IS PUBLISHED AT

No. 9 Spruce Street, New-York.

PRICE:

$2 00 a year; 5 Cents a Single Number.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Ten Cents a line for the first two insertions; Five Cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

NO PUFFING.

Advertisers will please bear in mind that no arrangements whatever can be made with them for editorial notices.

N. B.—All communications should be addressed to

HENRY CLAPP, JR.,
Office of The N. Y. Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

BOOK, JOB AND NEWSPAPER PRINTING.

THE UNDERSIGNED having a good assortment of type, are ready to contract for

NEWSPAPER WORK,

and to receive orders for the printing of

BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
CARDS,
HANDBILLS,
POSTERS,
BILLHEADS, &c.,

OF EVERY VARIETY AND STYLE,

At the lowest Cash Prices.

WEVILL & CHAPIN,
VANITY FAIR OFFICE,
No. 113 Nassau-street

WORKS ON WATER-CURE.—BY American and European authors. Illustrated. Published by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New-York.

THE HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.—By Dr. Trall. The most comprehensive works published on Hydropathy, nearly a thousand pages, with 300 Engravings. $3.

THE HYDROPATHIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—By Dr. Shew. A ready Prescriber and Hygienic Adviser. Containing 600 pages, with Illustrative Engravings. $2.

HYDROPATHIC COOK-BOOK.—Containing Recipes for Cooking the various dishes. Price 75 cents.

CHRONIC DISEASE.—The Causes, Progress, and Terminations of Chronic Diseases. By Dr. J. M. Gully. $1 25.

CHILDREN.—Their Hydropathic Management in Health and Disease. By Dr. Shew. Important work for parents. $1.

CONSUMPTION.—Causes, Prevention, and Cure. 75 cents.

DOMESTIC PRACTICE OF HYDROPATHY.—With 15 Illustrations of important subjects. By Dr. Johnson. $1 25.

MIDWIFERY AND THE DISEASES OF WOMEN.—A practical work of great value. By Dr. Shew. $1.

WATER-CURE LIBRARY.—Embracing the most important works on the subject. In seven large, 12mo volumes. $7.

Sent pre-paid by return of first mail, on receipt of price. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

BOOTH, GARRETT, & REESE,

ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

No. 10 GHANT STREET,

(Rear of St. Stephen's Church,)

PHILADELPHIA.

ORES,
MINERALS,
METALLIC SUBSTANCES,
GUANOS,
AND
WATERS,

Subjected to careful analysis and

OPINIONS GIVEN ON CHEMICAL QUESTIONS.

Students desiring a thoroughly practical course in Chemistry, will have every attention paid them.

Chemicals and apparatus supplied free of charge.

For terms &c., apply in person or by letter as above.

TO INVENTORS. THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "PRACTICAL MECHANIC" invite the attention of Inventors to their facilities for procuring Patents in the United States and all foreign countries, and to their arrangements for the transaction of all business of every nature in any way relating to Patents.

They prepare applications for the Patent Office, furnishing all the necessary papers, together with the drawings required, and, if desired by the applicant, the models also. They will give to their cases their personal attention before the Department at Washington, and will spare no efforts which long experience in this class of business can suggest, to secure the amplest protection to the rights of their clients. Parties who intrust applications to their charge may rely upon receiving prompt attention and faithful services—care being taken, especially, not only that Patents shall, if possible, be obtained, but that, when obtained, they shall cover something of *substantial* value.

They have located at Washington a careful and experienced Agent, and one of their nnmber is at the Patent Office at short intervals, so that Inventors can be saved the journey to Washington, and by applying to the office will find their business attended to as promptly and faithfully as if they were present.

The fees charged in all such cases will be moderate.

The litigation of Patents in the Courts, Infringements Injunctions, etc., will receive special care.

We are prepared to take charge of contested cases of every description.

Particular attention paid to Rejected Applications, Applications for Additional Improvements, Re-issues, Interferences, and Extensions of Patents.

Advice as to the patentability of Inventions cheerfully given.

Examinations made at the Patent Office under our own supervision, and all business relating to Patents transacted promptly and skilfully.

Models and Drawings carefully prepared.

Terms moderate.

Address, BENJAMIN GARVEY & CO.
NEW YORK

MESSERS ANDREW & FILMER.

DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS ON WOOD.

JOHN ANDREWS. JOHN FILMER.
201 William st., N. Y.
221 Washington st., Boston.
ENGRAVERS FOR THIS PAPER.

SHAVER'S PATENT ERASER.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

This is a new article, indispensable to the merchant, accountant, lawyer, or banker, and in fact to all who use either the pen or pencil. It was invented and patented by Mr. A. G. SHAVER, of New Haven, Conn., and the numerous testimonials from the Press, as well as the flattering opinions of its merits as a burnisher, paper cutter and folder, pencil sharpener and eraser, by Principal of Colleges; school teachers, merchants, bankers and stationers, leave no room to doubt that it is the most convenient article to be met with for the purposes to which it is appropriated We subjoin a description of it, which will serve to show the uses to which it can be applied. The blade is curved upwards, with sharp oval edge for erasing blots, marks, &c., from paper. Convexed on the lower side, to give a fine polish and finish to the erased parts. For polishing the surface after erasing the mark, it is unequalled by anytning heretofore in use. The curve between the blade and the shank has a keen edge for cutting away the wood of the pencil, and the small serrated groove in the blade gives a neatly finished point to the lead, wittout soiling the hands or paper in the least. The eraser need only be seen and used to prove its real worth. The blade is made from the best steel, highly polished, and set in a handsome handle, with German silver ferrule. It is a convenient companion to the lady's writing desk and student's portfolio, and will be found invaluable in the counting room and artist's studio. Clergymen, lawyers, book keepers, and all persons engaged in writing, will find it an indispensable article. We have used it, and would not be without it for three times its cost. It is equally convenient as a folder, or for cutting open the leaves of books. Some three or four different sizes and styles are manufactured, some of them with ornamental handles of ivory and mother-of-pearl, suitable to gratify the appreciative eye of the ladies. It is a very attractive piece of cutlery, and will soon find its way into the hands of every business man and lady in the country. We venture to say that the patentee, Mr. A. G. SHAVER, will realize a fortune from the sale of the patent eraser.

For sale by stationers generally.

A. G. SHAVER, New Haven, Conn.

DERR, THOMPSON & CO.,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON,
TOBACCO,
FLOUR,
GRAIN,
PROVISIONS,
WHISKEY,

AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

NO. 6 CAMDEN STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

☞ *Large Cash advances made on Consignments.*

TOWNDROW'S

CONVEYANCE GUIDE

in and about

NEW YORK,

and

FIFTY MILES AROUND.

Showing

RAILROADS, STEAMERS, FREIGHT PROPELLERS, STAGES, FERRIES, EXPRESSES, TELEGRAPH LINES, &c., &c.

Corrected and Published Weekly.

The most complete work of the kind ever issued.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

$3 per annum, $1 for four months.

SCHONBERG & CO.,
80 Beaver-street, New York

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

☞ Note to the Press at end of Poem.

The Prince's Ball.

By Edmund C. Stedman.

PART III.

THE CROWNING NIGHT.

CLOUDS and sunshine, wind and rain,
And the world turns over and over again;
Lord RENFREW has kissed his glove to Miss LANE,
Whom the Gothamites have implored in vain
To grace the scene of their glory;
For J. B., smoothing his cambric band,
Plainly gives them to understand
She shall follow no princes through the land—
As Medea chased for Jason's hand,
In the mythologic story.

Passing the Quaker City's gates,
My Lord has left the United States
To cross the Jersey peninsula;
Has stept once more on American shore:
Ridden from Castle Garden through
Three miles of flags—red, white and blue,
Walls of marble, iron and brick—
Roofs and balconies, noisily thick
With thousands sprawling after a view,
Till he's lodged on the handsomest Avenue
Of the greatest of cities insular.

But now, as October Twelfth drew near,
What hurry and bustle, joy and fear!
Jealous hatred of those to appear,
By those whose hopes were blasted and sere;
As if all the life of a hemisphere
Were mingled in hocus-pocus,
And, through Vanity's lenses flashing hot,
Made the Empire City a radiant spot,
With Irving Place for its focus!

What costume-trying in visits flying:
Days of dress-and-jewelry buying!
A hundred mantua-makers were dying
Of sheer exhaustion, and half a score
Exchanged the smiles they usually wore
For a reckless inurbanity;
While every tailor, from Fulton to Bond,
Declared himself in the Slough of Despond,
And solemnly swore that one order more
Would drive him into insanity.

What scintillant splendors found display
In mirrored windows along Broadway?
By the Vanderbilt they sent, in advance,
For jewels of Florence and silks of France.
Homeward she paddled, deeply laden,
With stuffs to make a Manhattan maiden
A princess, minus the dowry;
To make a matron of forty years,
As fine as a Dowager Duchess appears
In a spectacle-play, at the Bowery.
No lady-shopper could ever escape
From the robes of every fabric and shape:
Satins, taffetas, gauzes, crape;
Skirts of tulle embroidered with gold;
Watered silks in waves unrolled;
Heaviest textures, marvellous hues,
Ashes of Roses, buffs and blues;
Gros des Indies and rich brocade,
In lustrous folds and colors arrayed;
Dark Moirées, with silver garniture,
Light Moirées, brilliant with gold and cherry—
Fabrics costly enough, I'm sure,
A queen to wed or even to bury;
Chantilly laces, Valenciennes;
Ribbons woven by Lyons men;
Fancy fans, with flower and feather,
Lavishly piled in heaps together;
What can compare with sights so rare,
Save the Paris booth in Vanity Fair!

There's my charming friend, Columbia V——,
That lily of aristocracy!
As she sat, on the Sunday before the B.,
In her father's cushioned pew at Grace,
Did you think—when she covered her beautiful face,
And knelt on the crimson tabouret—
That she heard what the Doctor had to say,
Or prayed as the ritual bade her pray?
What supplications she made have flown
Straight to the foot of Fashion's throne;
The angel, who into her heart could probe,
Knew well, that, instead of a stainless robe,
She quite as much longed at the time to possess
An earthly and exquisite Renfrew dress;
That she thought to herself she would have it made
Of the whitest and richest striped brocade—
Striped with Magenta, and overlaid
With silken rose-buds, blossoms and leaves;
Low-pointed corsage and puffing sleeves
Should grace the charms of her waist and arms;
Over her shoulders should be set
A cape, *a la* Marie Antoinette,
And a bunch of myrtle and mignonette
Should bloom where the point-lace borders met;
Pearls and silver should intertwine
To make her a head-dress quite divine;
For her feet she will use white satin shoes,
With mauve rosettes, encircling pearls,
So that—when in the waltz her crinoline whirls,
And the tips of her toes shall catch the eye
Of the Prince—he will say to the standers by,
That she has for her feet a toilet completer
Than that of a Spanish senorita,
And that Cinderellas could not have been sweeter?

But the world turns over and over again,
With cloud and sunshine, wind and rain,
Love and envy and rancor.
At last IT HAS COME! the crowning night;
The ultimatum of all delight;
The hour, when even an anchorite
May be pardoned for weighing anchor,
Hoisting sails and bearing away

To the rendezvous in Prince's Bay,
For which thousands vainly hanker?
(You see it is not the Committee's fault
That SMITH or JONES isn't worth his salt
And was'nt born a Banker.)

It has come, at last! How bright the sight
Of a Grand Academy gala-night!
The blaze of the whirling calcium rays
Lightens the spacious entrance ways,
Flashing on up-turned, glaring faces
Of thousands thronging about the squares:
Thousands to whom your jewels and laces
Are things for which nobody this night cares.
For a sight of the Prince the people crowd;
To your simple hearts should be allowed
A sight of the Prince, poor people! since
He came to visit us one and all—
Asked or not asked to go to the Ball!
Scores of policemen will never convince
The crowd, that it ought'nt to see the Prince.

Up to the porch the carriages rumble,
By yellow-plushes attended:
No wonder the laboring-men felt humble
In the presence of scenes so splendid!
Never before, never before,
Such diamonds and dresses entered that door.
And VANITY FAIR, arrayed in its best,
Glides in with the rest.
(It would'nt have been so very well-dressed,
If it had not carefully learned by rote
The words of the Secretary's note:

These Two will not goe in I guesse,
Until they somewhat change their dresse.

A compilation of information,
Which I'll try to find room below to quote.*)

*"Without further prelude or protraction,
I have the distinguished satisfaction
To avail myself of the present chance
Of informing those invited to dance,
That no lady can enter, whose head has on
That gross impropriety called a bonnet;
Colonels and captains may display
The suite which they wear on training-day;
All others must come in evening dress,
Of course you will never be able to guess
What a gentleman wears, when *comme il faut*
So this private note is to let you know
That legs and arms and bosom and back
Must be rigidly cased in cloth of black;
White shirts and cravats, French boots for the feet,
With light-colored kids, make up the complete
Array of a member of the *elite*.
That this is authorative to show,
I affix my name and address below."

Into the radiance we glide,
As a bayou-voyager follows the tide,
From mangrove shadows and fallen trees,
To the silvery sheen of moonlit seas;
Into the glare of countless lights
And the wedding of sweetest sounds and sights,
Where glided walls and tapestried halls
Repeat the music's dying falls,
And flowers of multitudinous hues,
Their blended, odorous breaths diffuse.
But through the glamour we move along,
To glance at the guests that with us throng,
And study the queer variety
It takes to fashion that paradoxical edifice, built on golden "rocks,"
Entitled "Our Best Society."

Take of judges and generals, each, a pair;
Three consuls, a foreign Chargé d'affaires;
Mayors and governors, one or two;
Of authors and scholars very few;
Congressmen, plenty as drops of dew;
Railroad presidents, bulls and bears;
Bankers, merchants and millionaires;
These, with their daughters, sisters and wives—
Three thousand wealthy and commonplace lives—
Birds of one feather—squeeze them together,
At a Prince's Ball, and you have, in short,
An "illustrated Republican Court."

It might have been better, after all,
To have left the care of a Prince's Ball
Where by right the management ought to fall.
Young America would know how, I guess,
With the critical aid of the *Saturday Press*,
And a helping hand from VANITY FAIR,
To have given the thing a more sprightly air.
Of course, in dignity evanescent,
The famous Committee all were present;
But to neophytes, who had never been
At an Academic full-dress scene,
Grave bankers, leading off with a will
The gallopade of a grand quadrille,
Must have seemed, in their coats and white cravats,
A species of clerical acrobats,
Training to give the Shaker profession
A numerous Orthodox accession.
Nor would the idea be very far wrong,
For a tithe, 'tis said, to churches belong,
Whose articles hold that Dance and Song
Are Stygian missionaries;
—Here my friend, the mathematician, says
'Tis a handy rule that works both ways,
And that condemnation with rank and station
In inverse ratio varies.
Far be it from me to feel aggrieved
That the festive dance has thus received
Official and grave endorsement;
Yet I charge these gentlemen, large and small,
To never again denounce a Ball,
But to stand committed, once for all,
To what I claim their course meant.
For I never heard that the angels rate
The presence of prince or potentate,
As helping to add a pious weight
To a carnal convocation?
And, to set the matter plain and straight,
Why should Jack be doomed to a sulphurous fate
One shudders to think of, for shaking a leg
And drinking his flip, with Moll and Peg,
In the Valley of Humiliation,
While a churchly man, of plethoric purse,
Is promised treatment quite the reverse,
For his loftier dissipation?

And what is there worse in a rustic Reel,
Merrily measured, with toe and heel,
On a country tavern's floor of deal,
While whips are cracked and sleigh-bells peal,
Outside, till echo answers—

Our countrie Friends find Dancing pleasant,
Although no Prince of Wales be present.

What is there worse, say my honest rhymes,
In these plain, old-fashioned, jolly good times,
Where Sambo plays for the dancers,
Than in the maze of a princely Show,
Where diamonds sparkle and velvets glow,
And the wave of a spruce maëstro's bow
Beats out the time in The Lancers?

Enough, you say, of polemical rhyme,
And the ladies whisper—'tis fully time
For the Prince to make his appearance:
"He's coming!" "He isn't!" yes, that is he,
And better for him, to be seen and to see,
If the flower of our aristocracy
Would give him a better clearance.
But as ALBERT EDWARD, young and fair,
Stood on the canopied dais-stair,
And looked, from the circle crowding there,
To the length and breadth of the outer scene,
Perhaps he thought of his mother, the Queen;
(Long may her empery be serene!
Long may the heir of England prove
Loyal and tender; may he pay
No less allegiance to her love,
Than to the sceptre of her sway!)
Perhaps he wondered if this were the land
Where Nobility's said to be based on Labor,
Where every man, with a strong right hand,
Can claim a title as well as his neighbor;
Perhaps he saw that we have a king,
The potent and sovereign DOLLAR,
Able the nose of the workman to bring
To the grindstone, and over his neck to fling
A heavy and feudal collar.

But what were his thoughts I can never tell,
For sharply, as belle was jostling belle,
Each making a Flora Temple "burst"
For the honor of dancing beside him first,
The staging before him fell in with a crash,
And fifty young ladies, as quick as a flash,
Sank down in a kind of etherial hash—
As dainty a dish as a Prince could wish;
But he passed to the supper-pavilion,
And we saw him no more till they mended the floor
And opened the primal cotillion.
There, gracefully dancing with Mrs. MORGAN,
He had quite forgotten his thoughts, I suppose,
Just as hearers a sermon forget, at its close,
When the "Jubilate" is played on the organ;
Whatever his fancies were, nobody knows.

Now, how strange the feeling that comes to one,
When the royal Show is almost done,
When the gas for hours has dazzled the eye,
And the air grows dense as the flowers die!
How strange to go out, from the crowded rout,
To the open street, where to all is given
A sight of the clear and infinite Heaven;
Out into the cool October night,
Where, in place of that gairish inner light,
Are all those silvery cressets, fed
With rays from God's own glory shed.
Ah! if one now might only flee
Across that measureless, lucid sea,
To lustres—O, how pure and far!
What, from the spirit's chosen star,
Would all this glittering pageant seem,
Save the fantasy of an earthly dream?

And even the Man who lives in the Moon—
(You'd reach him a million times as soon!)
Who, day after day, sees the whole round world,
Like a map to his curious gaze unfurled,
Would perceive no increase in the polarized ray
Thrown off from this part of our sphere,
Though the roof of the Opera House were away,
And the lights that illumine each tier—
And all the lamps that make Paris, they say,
And London, as cheerful by night as by day—
With all in New York, together were burning;
To the Man in the Moon they'd be past all discerning;
So there's one man, at least, will know nothing at all
Of the splendor and fame of THE PRINCE'S BALL.

The End.

(The Publisher, in copyrighting this Poem, only wishes to prevent its entire republication elsewhere, either in Book or Newspaper form.)

A Pig in a Polk.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has discovered that the Prince of Wales cannot dance. "This part of his education," says the *Enquirer*, "has either been sadly neglected, or else His Royal Highness is a very unapt scholar."

We suppose the *Enquirer* spells *polk*, *pork*, and thinks he ought to know something about it, accordingly.

Zoological.

It is worthy of remark that, although the young of a swan is called Cygnet, yet it cannot be classed in the same category as a Seal.

The Black Mail of the Herald.

The Everlasting Nigger.

ORNITHOLOGY.

We are informed by the special correspondent of the *Tribune*, that the first bird shot by Lord RENFREW upon American soil was a "belated owl." Now, as the bird referred to, fell a sacrifice to what writers in the sporting journals call the "deadly tube" of that princely young nobleman, at an early hour in the evening, the adjective "belated" was hardly appropriate in the case. The owl is seldom up and dressed before evening twilight, so that the one referred to, and his premature death to his early habits instead of his proclivities for dissipation, might more appropriately have been described as an "early bird" than a belated one. We are happy in being able to present our readers with a correct sketch of the curious owl brought down on the twilight some prairie near Dwight, by Baron RENFREW, who has had it carefully preserved for presentation to the British Museum. It is of the horned species; its feathered 'horns' being three in number, and arranged exactly in the form of a Prince of Wales plume. The fortunate captor of this remarkable fowl, sought in vain among his suite for a suitable Latin designation for it. A neighboring schoolmaster was then applied to, by whom the bird was classed as a new species, under the designation of *Owlibus Walibus*—a title only provisional, however, until a Latin dictionary and Professor AGASSIZ can be consulted.

PRINCE-OF-WALESIANA.

(DEFERRED JOTTINGS.)

The little *Maid of the Mist* had her steam up, and the royal party, for whose use she was exclusively chartered on this occasion, went on board, for the purpose of being carried up as close to the great cataract as possible.

To guard against the soaking spray, each of the party was provided with a long headed, oil-skin cloak, in vesture with which garments they might have passed for a procession of monks, while all individuality was lost in identity of outline.

"Newcastle," said the Prince, addressing the personage who stood nearest to him, as they tossed amid the whirling eddies—"Newcastle, how vividescent the breakers are!"

"*Haow?*" returned the personage addressed.

"I mean how green the water looks," rejoined the Prince, thinking the Duke was only poking a bit of western fun at him to keep his spirits up. Isn't it green, though?"

"Ain't nothin' shorter," said the personage addressed.

"Behold yon Iris," continued the Prince, as a gleam of sunshine spanned the vast horseshoe from shore to shore: "behold yon Iris! where, now, is the vaunted Blondin with his wheelbarrow and pole? Could he, think you, travel upon the seven-colored arch from cliff to cliff, as upon a seven-plied rope?"

"Guess he might," replied the personage addressed. "SIM HUCKLEBERRY done it upon a common rainbow; but he couldn't get back, though, 'cause he had on India rubber over-shoes and rubbed the darned thing clean out as he went."

There was evidently treachery here; but the Prince has been taught to master his emotions, and H. R. H. did not turn pale, nor even red: he only turned to his suite, and said in a stern voice:

"BRUCE!"

"BRUCE!"

The officer came to the Prince's call.

"BRUCE," continued the Prince, "were we upon the shore just left by us, I should content myself with pointing my suspicion that there is an intruder among us, but as our back hugs closely the wind of the Mighty Free, I will be characteristically figurative, and state my conviction that there is a negro in the wood pile. Gentlemen! look to your watches! INGLEHART, arrest this person!"

Twenty jewelled hands at once grasped the throat of the cowled miscreant who had thus violated the sanctity of private life. His disguise was removed, revealing a trembling citizen of Buffalo who had taken this means of securing contact with royalty, and whose eyes now whitened with terror as he contemplated his probable committal to the coursing waters; but he was mercifully committed to the third officer of the boat, instead, with orders to do him no hurt, but simply to keep him as far away as possible from the royal party, whose *bijouterie* is of a valuable description and somewhat loosely displayed.

And this happened to the Buffalo person because he was a Snob.

While standing on the Table Rock here, the Prince said a remarkably clever thing.

Somebody was presented to H. R. H., as a resident of the American side of Niagara, but an Irishman, and a Liege subject of the Queen.

"Oh! yes," said the Prince, "I see: a Cork man, I suppose."

The Earl of St. Germans and Dr. ACKLAND concur in considering this the best pun ever made, on account of *liege* being the French for *cork*. But Niagara roared on unrivalled, for admiration took the place of laughter, and gagged as with a silken kerchief the members of the royal suite.

From Niagara the royal party proceeded to Hamilton, a city which now bears the melancholy distinction of being the last place in Canada where the Prince had an opportunity of indulging in the festive dance. Nor is that the only gloomy reminiscence connected with Hamilton; for it was there, also, ALBERT EDWARD Prince of Wales, parted with SANDERSON Prince of Gastronomes, who had hitherto ably directed the foregoing arrangements during the royal progress through Canada.

"SANDERSON," said the Prince, who was evidently much affected, "wear this watch and chain on Sunday, in remembrance of me. For me, the flavor of your last omelet will be a pleasing reminiscence for ever; nor shall I soon forget that it is to you I owe my initiation into the *finesse* of the American language. That's so."

And now the royal tourists were whirled away to Windsor, whence they were to cross the river to Detroit.

"Farewell, old Canada!" cried the Prince, as they took their last look at that fine colony from the ferry boat—'tis the greatest place for dancing I have yet seen, and will be a noble territory when it's all fenced in."

"Only think, Your Royal Highness," ventured TEASDALE, "just think what a kick up of timber it would have been if ORPHEUS had done some of his fiddling there!"

"And who would have been the Goddess of Dance, on that occasion, think you?" asked the Prince, surveying his suite with an inquiring sweep of eye.

All were dumb for some minutes, when one lifted up his voice, and said:

"And who, may it please Your Royal Highness?"

"Terps-hickory," replied the Prince.

Our next Shine.

Ambassadors may depart from us; we may mourn after Princes; but there is balm in Gilead. The following has been going the rounds of "European Items."

Several thousand Polish Jews have recently passed through Posen, on their way to the United States.

It is to be hoped that these Polish Jews, immediately on their arrival, will be put in requisition for the purpose of imparting some of their Polish to our Municipal authorities—an article that they are much in need of.

Improved.

A friend who has supped his fill of horrors in reading a recent popular novel, suggests that it be called The Household of Bug-a-Bouvarie!

ANOTHER FEATHER!

Cicely.—"GOODNESS ME! GEORGY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT NOW?"
Georgy.—"PRINCE OF WALES CIGAR—COUSIN FRED GAVE ME A BUNCH OF THEM. DON'T THE SMOKE FEATHER UP JOLLY!"

"To this Complexion," etc.

Some wise investigator at Paris has just advanced a new theory with regard to the various colors of the human races. According to this *savant*, complexion is altogether dependent upon food; an assertion which may be partially correct, as we have more than once seen a man black in the face from having had too much of it. Nevertheless, the theory is not to be implicitly relied upon. For, to put the matter logically—hominy is the principal diet of negroes at the South; it is the principal diet that determines the complexion; therefore, hominy is the cause of blackness in the negro, is easy enough; but the sophistry is knocked much higher than any of Professor LOWE's balloons are ever likely to rise, by the fact that although the present writer lived almost exclusively on hominy for many months, he is still—unfortunately for himself—a whitish man.

Where is Windship?

Dr. WINDSHIP, whose name, by-the-bye, ought to have been Windlass, from his facility at lifting weights, has been outdone by a person named ABEL WOOD, of Barre, who, according to a Vermont paper, has lately "raised fifty bushels of wheat on 200 rods." Dr. WINDSHIP has only succeeded, hitherto, in raising twelve hundred pounds on one stick.

From our Stipendiary Idiot.

Lord RENFREW is said to be a remarkably good shot; coincidental with which, is the fact that a remarkably good *Schottisch* has been composed in honor of him by Mr. T. BAKER, of LAURA KEENE'S theatre.

D'YE MIND ME, YE DIVILS!

The Rivirind Docthor CAHILL is admiring our country and its institutions at the rate of about a gallon a minute—in fact he is admiring it too fast intirely, if we may judge from the following extract from one of his letters as quoted in the *Daily News:*

"Every man, woman, and child believes in the justness and equity of the Constitution; he reveres the acting President; he respects the current Cabinet; he belongs himself to the army, and walks and stands, and speaks like a free human being. Cheap government, just laws, rational liberty are the American mottoes.'

They does' do he? Bedad, but its a sweet mess your Rivirence that you've cooked up for us there! Let's see.

The Abolitionists all to a woman and child endorse the Constitution, ye know.

"He"—everybody—reveres the acting President. Oh yis—the uncommon amount of popular rivirence for JIMMY is really stupendous. VANITY FAIR shows that—ye know.

Ivery man, woman, and child respects the Cabinet—av coorse. All the Postal arrangements have the divil's own HOLT of our affections, ye know.

Ivery man, woman and child—ivery baste av thim—belongs himself to the army, ye know.

And ivery man woman and child—ivery wan av thim d'ye mind me—walks himself and stands and spakes like a free human being—ye know.

Now doctor, we are really very much obliged to you for your good opinion, and don't like to look a gift horse in the mouth—but don't you think that *qui nimium probat nihil probat*—"he who proves too much, proves nothing," and that you've proved just a little too much, ye know?

Now Then.

Why would the Great American Tragedian be a first-rate "hevy father" for "The Prodigal Son?" Because he is a well supplied with fatted calves!

Blondin.

"A pole-ite man who always keeps his balance."

To Garibaldi.

SOLDIER OF FREEDOM! from this youngest land
Where Liberty now dwells, our hearts leap forth
To him, who, battling on the side of right,
Stands firm and fearless: glory unto him
Who from the Ages past hath torn the cowl
Of tyrannous Priestcraft, and through deepest gloom
Hath cleft a pathway for the light of God!
Thou Great-heart Warrior in the Apollyon fight
Through the dark valley of the Shadow, which
The Sons of Italy so long have trod,
Fight on and falter not! though Kingly craft
Should seek to mesh thee in its spider web;
For the great pulse of Freemen through the world,
Throbs back responsive to thy clarion call!

PHILADELPHIA, September 13.

The Way of the "World."

A correspondent of the *World*, describing an Indian grave, inquired into by him near Topeka, informs his readers that—"the scalp which floated above his grave was one he had taken off from the head of an enemy previous to his own death."

It is as praiseworthy as rare, for a special correspondent to be thus explicit. We side with *that* correspondent. May we request of that correspondent that, should he in the course of his travels, fall among any hair that has been raised by an aboriginal chief *after* his death, he will forward us a lock of it?

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTION.

8TH OF OCTOBER.

Bell man.—I TELL YOU, FRANK! THIS PENNSYLVANIA STATE ELECTION IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE—UPON IT DEPENDS THE FATE OF THE UNION. WE MUST CARRY IT OR PERISH.

10TH OF OCTOBER.

Frank.—WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE RESULT?

Bell man.—O! THEY'VE CARRIED THE STATE TO BE SURE. BUT THAT'S NO PROOF OF WHAT *we* CAN DO IN NOVEMBER.

BEFORE THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

The soft rays of the autumn sun
Fell goldenly on land and wave,
Touching with holy light the grave
That holds the dust of Washington.

A sacred Presence brooded round,
A halo of divinest flame;
The memory of the mighty Name
That makes Mount Vernon hallowed ground!

A stately silent group was there.—
The nation's Ruler, crowned with years,
And England's Prince amid his peers,
Uncovered in the reverent air!

Beneath the old ancestral trees
They walked together, side by side,
In sun and shadow, close allied,
Linked in the happy bands of Peace.

Two friendly nations met in them,
Two mighty nations, one of old,
Cast in the same gigantic mould,
Shoots from the sturdy Saxon stem.

They gathered round his holy dust,
The wisest of the many wise
That shaped our early destinies,
And fought our battles, sternly just.

Like brothers at his grave they stood,
And gloried in his common Name;
Forgetting all things but his fame,
Remembering only what was good!

'Twas gracefully and nobly done,
A royal tribute to the free,
Who, Prince, will long remember thee,
Before the Grave of Washington!

THE RENFREW PROCESSION.

Major General Charles W. Sandford—we've a great deal to say to you—the voice of injured thousands to hurl out in howling anathemas—and only five minutes to do it in. So, to be short, we'll just let drive at once. You're a dumb, slow, crawling, stupid, wounded snake of an old fogy. You've got no snap in you. If you possess any vitality, it's of that inert, torpid, dull, heavy, flat, latent, dormant, smouldering, unexerted, uninfluential sort which might characterize a freshly pulled turnip before it wilts, but which is utterly powerless to exfoliate the first leaf of an idea. Lummucks!

Weren't you ashamed of yourself, Charles, when you brought the Prince dawdling up Broadway after dark? Didn't you feel small at showing him off by twilight to the million who had waited patiently all day to see the Guest? Didn't you realize what it was to be an Incompetent? Our Instinct, Charles, tells us that you did. Shame on you. Any ten year old Wide Awake could have managed better.

Charles! Words won't do the thing justice. We forewarn you that if this delay ever occurs again, we shall at once accept your resignation. We'd like to do it the day before. *Now Remember!*

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Miss Pennsylvania.—"Now, Friend Bennett, don't thee think it's most time for thee to change thee garment for a better one?

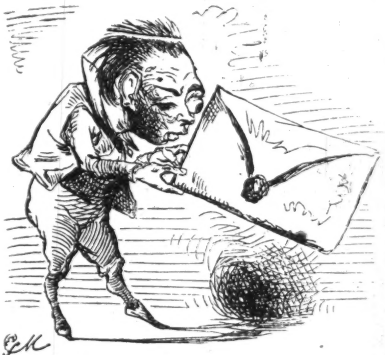
J. G. Bennett—"'Deed lassies—its a bonnie braw coatie—and this auld Buchanan thing is gettin' unco ragged. Weel—weel—I dinna ken —— ——

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

Our European Letter.

No. 4.

Edinburgh, September 27, 1860.



Vanity Fair—Lord John Russell's way of taking the *slave-trade*, as you have seen by his correspondence with our Government, is, undoubtedly, *taking it Coolie*. But, we must allow something for the English affinity for wool; it's in their blood. Why else do they set their Lord Chancellor on a wool-sack, and cover his head, and that of all the lawyers with big wigs, looking like sheep in one of Backhuysen's pictures, or monkeys in regimentals? The arms of Brougham and Vaux are, hereafter, to include a woolly head, rampant with a pig-tail, *couchant*.

After all, the real reason for the difference about John Chinaman and Cuffee, in this longitude, is, that Cuffee don't buy opium. Philanthropic England must have revenue; what is the interest of a few hundred thousand American planters, compared to that of the dowries of the Queen's daughters, and the education of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales? So the navy of Her B. M. blows cold on the West of Africa, but hot as Tophet on the East of Asia. Amen.

The Queen is now at Balmoral. This proved fortunate for me, as just getting back from the Trosachs, Fred and I took a run that way, to look at the outside of that charming royal nest. No wonder it is her favorite residence, not excepting Osborne.

What do you think we found there, thrown out on the carriage road, after being twisted to light Prince Albert's meerschaum? It was her Majesty's last letter from the Prince of Wales. I send it to you, not to *publish*, unless you get his royal consent; but I think Lord Lyons will obtain that for you. *La voici.*

Gov'ment House, Toronto,
Sunday, Sept. 9th.

Ma chère mère:—Lord! how I wish I was at home! I'd rather be at Oxford, though it is a slow old place. I'd even rather be at that dismal old prison at Windsor, with all the ponies in town, than go through with this presentationing and addressing, and reading Newky's documents, written so badly that, dash it, I broke down now and then, and he has to roar it out, like a bad prompter at Covent-Garden. And then I've had a mortal terror lest somebody would dine me somewhere, and *oblige* me to get by heart a speech; and you know I never *could* do that, nor *make* one, if it was to keep Garibaldi out of Buckingham House, or John Bright out of the Cabinet. What do you think these devastated Orangemen have done here? If I don't turn Catholic now, it will be for state reasons, you may depend. Their impudence, and Newky's folly, kept me out in an infernal steamboat for a day or two, because they would'nt take down their arches, and Newky *would'nt* go under them; as if Uncle William was the arch-fiend himself. We *should* have brought half the London police with us to regulate matters; not that those tall fellows are really worth much, but then there are so many of 'em, you know.

Had a good time, though, at a ball, in Montreal. Real beauties, especially from the States; a *little* triangular about the cheeks, but well made, and *wide awake*. Not much jewelry—glad of it; tired of that. Had a better time than anywhere except at the Carnival in Rome; that was jolly; had'nt any of this dashed and indemnified royal-highnessing. Saw some American girls there, too; hope I'll meet 'em again. By-the-way, old Pio won't have a chance to say *no no* much longer. I told Antonelli when I was there, that he ought to invest in Illinois Central and keep his trunks packed. Now I'll write to him to migrate to Cuba. *Such segars* as they get for me here! By Jove, I'd like to be king of Cuba myself. As for Canada, I hope, "an thou lovest me," that *won't be thought of*. Mean place—Canadians have the horns of John Bull without his brains, and the heels of the wild colt, Young America, without his speed. And the wild Indians, and the runaway blacks—phew! I'd rather travel with Bruce, if it was even to Abyssinia. But Cuba grows *good segars*. Why don't you *make* the Spaniards insult our flag, as you did the Chinese? When Elgin comes home (if he ever does,) send him; he'll do it. And now I'm sleepy; have'nt been anything else since I arrived; such a deuced going on!

Clifton House, Niagara, Sept. 18th.

Eh bien, mama:—We have seen the elephant of waterfalls. I once read a book by that treasonable snob, Thackeray, called "Cornhill to Grand Cairo," in which he confesses that the Pyramids are *big*. So I acknowledge that Niagara is, for a *Western* arrangement, very well. But it ought'nt to be *here*, in this provincial kind of a country. Why don't the Crystal Palace Company and the British Museum buy it and take it over? Who cares for the expense.

But you ought to have seen me and old Newky and Germains and the rest, in our toggery on the Maid of the Mist (a wonder we were'nt *all missed* or *missing* under the Falls.) We looked like an infernal procession of monks, of the order of St. Diabolus, going to a funeral.

I was invited by Col. Magruder, a day or two ago, to hunt *buffalo* on what they call the peraira. Would like to do it; but Newk and Bruce said 'twould'nt do; so I referred respectfully to your majesty's definite expectations, and a flibbertigibbet from out West, about a foot and a half high, put his thumb to his nose, and asked "*Does yer mother know yer out?*" Please to tell this to Phipps and have it mentioned in distinguished circles at St. James', will you?

They have offered to get up an *American* entertainment for me, in the way of a steamboat boiler explosion, or a railroad collision; but Blondin is enough for me. My nerves are not seasoned yet, I suppose. Something was got up for poor Ingram; but he went down before it was sketched.

I am to go to sundry little mushroom Yankee towns, out in the wilderness, shoot a little, and then go to Washington to his Excellency the President's. It's very odd, when Mr. Buchanan was in London, you know he used to be considered a *gentleman*, although a little soft; but now they talk of him here as if he was the infernallest old blackguard that ever was kicked by a groom. Don't understand it. Why don't they cut off his *supplies* then? Only, don't mention this suggestion anywhere within a hundred miles of the House of Commons. I do believe, *maman*, that politicians in America have no decency at all. It's amazingly hard, too, to find *who are gentlemen* in this country—so Lyons tells me. Those in *office* are not, as with us, any better than other people, often *worse*. I have a serious objection to going into the Halls of Congress; it isn't only the offices and their holders that revolve, but their *pistols*. St. Giles is said to be nothing to it. *New York Society* is another problem: but I leave that to Grey; all I know is there will be lots of *pretty girls*. Hang the Italians—rot the French—out of England there are no women worth looking at but in America. If anything would reconcile me to the bore of being King of the Canadas, it would be the privilege of taking a wife, *à la* Eugénie, from the *people*; something *fresh*. Why should'nt the fashion be followed, anyhow? Your majesty must think of it. There's a brunette here now—Sassoferrata, what eyes! A neck for Gibson, without any of his cream color! And as for movement—well, your majesty need'nt be alarmed; Bruce is about.

He and Newcastle are talking politics. That reminds me that the Yankees laugh at us confoundedly about the way we are shewing the white feather about the Emperor. I saw a thing in Vanity Fair (the American *Punch*, only as far ahead of *Punch* as *Hyde Park* is of *Cheapside*,) called "*John Bull's old Night-mare*," that was rather hard, but, dash it, it's *true*. I've told Germains to send you a copy. Tell Pam, from me, he's a *fool*. Let him go on fortifying, and getting volunteers; but what the devil's the use of making such a *noise* about it?

Haven't time to write you many letters, there's such a going on. More quiet, I hope, in the States. Where's Alf? Wish I had been to *Madeira* with him. Tell their royal littlenesses at home, that, if I go South, I will bring them a *pet darkey*. They're the *comicallest* creatures you ever saw. But, they say here, there's *nothing worth seeing* south of Washington. How am I to know?

Votre tres aimant,

Albert Edward.

Singular, if True.

When Lord Renfrew made his entry into Detroit, some of the least repressible of the crowd hung on to the wheels of his carriage. Among these was a white haired patriarch, who particularly attracted the attention of a gentleman connected with the London press by a persevering manner in which he held on to, and revolved with a wheel—a feat which prompted the gentleman in question to inquire whether "that old party was not the old Revolutionary spirit of seventy-six, of whom he had so often read in the American papers."

A Link that could be easily broken.

Seward's Lincolnism.

YOU CAN'T SPRING THAT ON US, YOU KNOW!

"Capt. RYNDERS succeeded in forcing his way into the Station House, *but was ejected therefrom* for interfering with the business of the Sergeants.—*Tribune.*

HE *Tribune* hath spoken. Now hear VANITY! Like the London cabman, when handed a sixpence for the first time after the reduction of his fare to that purely nominal sum, we are tempted to exclaim: "What hever is this 'ere!" Not as to the circumstances which led up to RYNDERS in connection with Station House do we desire light. On that head the daily papers are luminous. It was at the "Great demonstration" last Monday week, of which our rollicking cotemporary, the *Tribune*, calls the "H. S. T. party." By way of an episode to that demonstration several muscular members of the Democracy, gathered about the New York Hotel, and amused themselves late in the evening by hooting and jeering at the body of Republicans standing in front of their Club Room the opposite side of the street. When this pastime had, through much indulgence therein, become slightly monotonous, the Democracy manifested playfulness in an entirely new spot. At the transparencies in front of the Republican Head Quarters, they flung brickbats. Lots of 'em! Hard!! Several persons in the Club Room were smote on the head with these brickbats. One young man had his eye cut open. At this stage of the sport, remarkable as it may appear, one hundred (100) policemen arrived upon the ground and forthwith set about clearing the street. Mr. RYNDERS, who with his party was present, objected. He did'nt want the street cleared. The police insisted. The RYNDERS party resisted. The police nipped several of the RYNDERS party and marched them off to the 16th Ward Station House. Whereat much wrath in the bosom of the valiant RYNDERS, who instantly hied him, as the late lamented M. JAMES would have said, to the loathsome keep to rescue his sturdy men-at-arms, or by'r lady to cleave their gaoler to the chine. How he did'nt rescue his sturdy men-at-arms as well as how he failed to cleave their gaoler to the chine, we are told in that sentence of the *Tribune* reporter's, which is such a remarkably good thing that we must really put it in here again:

"Capt. RYNDERS succeeded in forcing his way into the Station House, *but was ejected therefrom*, for interfering with the business of the Sergeants."

Here it is that, as stated in the beginning, we don't know what to make of it. Stay! . . . The *Tribune* always was a funny paper . . . . It's a joke!!!

But *Tribune* dear, if you will quip, let us advise you to be more temperate. To say that ISAIAH RYNDERS, U. S. Marshal of the city of New York, captain of a band of trained bullies, a man before whom the stoutest policeman quails, and to whom the law, when his own party is concerned is as nought, to say that this mighty personage we repeat, was ejected from a Station House for interfering with the business of the Sergeants, is to construct a jest too wild and reckless to be taken into consideration for a moment. Modulate thy mirth, *Tribune*, merry mummer that thou art!

Prejudiced.

A friend of ours who yielded to the entreaties of a railway placard to "Ho! for the West," but who, on his arrival there immediately Dug for the East, says that the Pectorians have only got one thing that cannot be characterized as "no great shakes." The ever and ague.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S CAMPAIGN PUNSTER.

Some of the rural printed newspapers try to be witty at the expense of their opponents. This feeling leads editors to make some very sorry jokes—and we pity 'em. They have a few journeymen punsters on country newspapers, some, it is true, that may be equal to APPRENTICES, but even that ain't saying much, the rest of them are only poor *devils* in the art of playing upon words. VANITY FAIR therefore comes to their rescue with a few ready-made jokes, that may serve them to illustrate the humors of the campaign. They are not very good, but they will do for country newspapers. Our last speaker in the Legislature, LITTLE-JOHN, who was mixed up in the infamous grid-iron business, again shows his hand in politics. Now should LOT LITTLE-JOHN hide it beneath a Robin'-Hood.

The *Express* said that one-half of the Wide-Awakes in line on the 3rd of October were officers, and the remainder juveniles. In other words that one-half were *Majors*, and the other half *Minors*.

JOHN WHEELER denies that he is a candidate for Congress or any other office. It is very seldom that we find a *wheeler* among the war horses, exhibit an aversion to become a *leader*.

"Where ought Uncle NED to go, who has worn all the wool off his head by agitation?" Asks one who is disgusted with the irrepressible nigger. To the *Wig*—warm of course.

The Hon. R. H. DUELLS has been nominated for Congress in the Courtland District. We shall oppose him. We don't want any more *duels* in Congress.

In the 3rd Congressional district, Pennsylvania, JOHN P. VERREE has been nominated. Its a *very* good nomination.

A. GREEN is talked of for our next Recorder. Who wants to see a Green Judge.

THOMAS J. BARR'S way back to Congress seems to be *barred* by MICHAEL TUOMEY, who once kept bar; but is now a plumber. Let BARR the war', MICHAEL understands the art of *laying pipe*.

What the Republicans think of the minute MEN—an affair of no *moment*.

Douglas is continually pitching into the Democratic bolters who caused the division in the party. This then makes but little difference between the Little Giant and Old ABE, one *split* the *rails* and the other *rails* the *split*. That is all for the present. They are welcome to these on *credit* terms.

MACHINERY.

Vanity Fair.—I notice, with a proper amount of "surprise," your remarks about the Jerseyman's sewing machines, which "may be seen *running up stairs*." *You* have "never seen" such machines run, or even "walk" up stairs! Then you must have sadly misimproved your opportunities for observation in this interesting branch of domestic economy, unless you move, as I think perhaps you *do* more exclusively in these lofty circles where the useful arts are all impracticed.

Well, man, I have a *sewing machine*, which originally cost me something over "$50" to be sure; and has cost me a good deal more to keep it in *running* order since, which not only *runs* "up stairs" frequently, but does a good deal of running about town, as I infer from its demand for gaiter boots. It is not a "shuttle machine," however, if I understand it, and I think I do; Nevertheless, it is capable of doing a great variety of stitching; and especially excels in that most useful of all kinds of stitching, the "stitch in time." If any of your bachelor friends, wish to obtain one of this kind of machines—which is an excellent thing to have *in the country*, you know—I can assist him in getting one at a price varying from a small advance on the original cost, to the most fabulous sums, according to their style and finish, and also their capacity of execution, all warranted not only to run up stairs with perfect ease, but also to *run* up little bills among the shopmen for washing materials.

Yours and Sew forth,

SIMON SEWTIGHT.

Discontinuance of the Pony Express.

California papers inform us that, owing to the re-arrangement of the Salt Lake and Denver mails, the famous Pony Express has been placed upon the retired list. The state of mind of the Pony, receiving this cheering intelligence may be more easily imagined than described. Our special correspondent in that section of the country gives us a few interesting particulars in connection with the subject. The news was at first received by a Pony, with an incredulous horse-laugh, but, no sooner was he assured of the truth of it than, kicking his shoes into the air, he abandoned himself to a fantasia of festive dances, in which the *galop*, of course was a leading feature. He has since issued imitations to a great many fillies and colts of his acquaintance to a *hay dansante*, a provocation to which none of them are likely to say Neigh.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

Customer.—"THESE FELLOWS ARE TOO FINE-BRED, NOW—WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?"
Dog-dealer.—"FANCY DOGS FOR THE SPERRITUALISTS FOLK, SIR—I CALLS 'EM SPERIT TARRIERS, AND EXPECTS TO HAVE 'EM SO FINE BIME-BY THAT I MUST HIRE A MEEJUM TO LOOK ARTER 'EM AND COMMUNICATE GINERALLY."

Was it Quinn, Old Boole, or Old Cogniac?

As we go to press we learn that a roaring lunatic has attacked BARON RENFREW, declaring that he wished to stap the vitals of the Nation's Guest. Rumor declares the delirious wretch to be an alderman or some such creature, driven to insanity by the contempt heaped on him during the late victory of Decency over Municipality.

"The Handwriting on the Wall."

The *Tribune* of the 11th instant makes use of the above expression with reference to the result of election in a neighboring State. Now we don't wish to be troublesome, but hope the *Tribune* will be a little more explicit the next time it tries to jerk a pun upon Pennsyl-vania.

Exaggerated Poultry.

The French, who go in a little, for everything, are now attempting to naturalize the ostrich, with a view of using its flesh as food. Fed upon horse-shoes, flat-irons, and other delicacies of the season, this bird becomes very fat, and we have no doubt that its flesh would be exceedingly beneficial to persons suffering from a deficiency of "iron in the blood."

A Question of Time.

VANITY FAIR offers a medal of the best water-proof leather for the solution of the following problem: If every man in That Procession the other night was a *Wide* Awake, how *Long* Awake were they in the demd total?

LITERARY AND OTHER GEMS.

We have extracted the following—with the aid of a dentist's forceps, two cork-screws and a derrick, from the New York *Herald:*

"A FINANCIAL AND LITERARY BUREAU, ADVANCES UPON DIAMONDS, Jewelry, and other available property, or purchased if desired. Business strictly confidential. Private rooms for lady applicants."

Poetry and pawnbroking, loans and literature, collating and collaterals! Undoubtedly the gentleman who keeps the "orifice" in question has in his library the Poetry of Finger Rings, The Diamond Necklace, the Symbolism of Gems, STEDMAN'S Diamond Wedding, Bishop JEWELL'S Works, The Pearl beyond Price, A Gate Opened to Paradise, O Nix my Dolly, *Gemma di Vergy*, ("Gems of Virtue,") *Les Bijoux Indiscrets*, The Emerald, The Opal, The Great Hoggarty Diamond, Aldrich's set of Turquoise, The History of the Kohinoor, Ebony and Topaz, Il Jettatore, Fitz James O'Inchiquin's, "Mother of Pearl," The Lay of the Golden Egg, The Watch Guard of Israel—but we are trespassing on our Bibliographer who will be after us with a warm fork. A very slight familiarity with literature will, however, readily enable the reader to extend this catalogue all the way from Blackball's to Epiphany's.

Then that Lady's Apartment! That private room for lady applicants. What soft nonsense may not be whispered there under a literary Bureau cover! What hints about pawns of love, *gages d'amour*, pledges of affection—and how all this must shine in the literary articles which are kept in the Bureau. Jewels—gems—poems—love—

"The gem which once to me you bore,
And proudly in my hair did'st stick it,
Alas 'tis gone—'tis now no more,
But base deceiver—there's the ticket."

"There or thereabouts." And oh the warmth with which the Literary Bureau must pour forth—

"Thou hast diamonds and pearl drops and jewels,
And all that a mortal could crave,
Thou hast eyes which are fairer than any,
My dearest what more wouldst thou have?"
Tra la la—tra la la la—la la!

How the Bureau must go it. Then he may vocalize—

"Bright sapphires are thy beaming eyes,
Dear eyes so soft and sweet,
Ah me, thrice happy is the man,
Whom they with true love greet.

Thy heart's a diamond bright and clear,
Whence rays of splendor flow;
Ah me, thrice happy is the man,
For whom with love they glow.

Thy lips are rubies melting red,
No brighter need we seek;
Ah me! thrice happy is the man,
To whom with love they speak."

There—that's the sort of quotation, citation and translation which will probably go on in the Bureau. My Uncle is generally held to be but a grim sort of customer—we have a dim recollection of one who once killed some robins to feed two Babes in the Wood, and then covered them up with Cabbage leaves—but this Uncle is quite a different style of article, perhaps only a nephew of my Uncle, one believing in books "and sich." Success to him, and may literature often leave him a loan, but never lonesome.

An Acknowledgement at last.

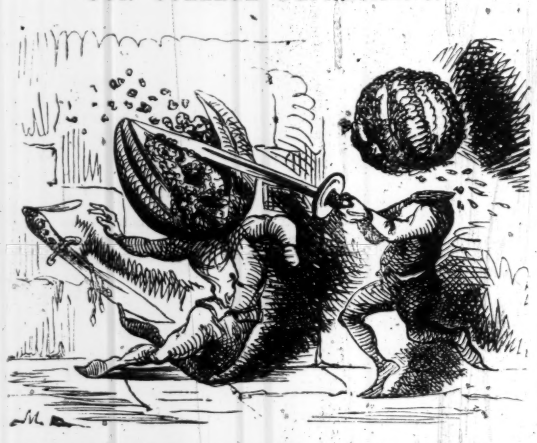
From the *Herald* of the 11th, we understand that,

The more respectable portion of the Philadelphia people, as represented by their ball committee, exerted themselves to the utmost to sustain the credit of their city on this occasion.

That is it exactly, Mr. BENNETT; the "ball committee" or rather the Opera committee, did sustain the credit of their city.

We believe they refused to endorse the obsequiousness of Mr. ULLMAN'S lackey in tendering a proscenium box to the Editor of the *Herald*, as we observe by the Philadelphia papers, the said box was disposed of at auction on the morning of the 10th. Decidedly there is some regard still paid to decency by "the more respectable portion of the Philadelphia people."

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.



UR mail gives us something from Yale—promising name; we've heard ale pronounced that-a-way among English rustics—which VANITY gives in turn to the Vanitarians. Not being much in College at present—though he sees any amount of hard boys—VANITY doesn't pretend to say who may or who mayn't be hit, hurt, smashed, dug, colloweped, beslandered and otherwise besprinkled in our communications. Or any other man. But our infallible Instinct, which corresponds to Socrates his Dæmon, (Xenophon, you know, Memorabilia—and those things) tells us to let slide. They'll fight it out among themselves, my dear V., says Instinct—and our columns are open to any amount of literary Sass. Walk in, gentlemen—walk in!

A SQUIB FROM A SOPH.

HIGH JINKS COLLEGE, October 15, 1860.

DEAR V. F.—In general, I like you. Your *dicta* have hitherto been distinguished by expansive catholicity, unlimited wit, wide-awake, and gammon-blasting honor (Is'nt that a stunner?) Picture then the grief I came to, on stumbling across a piece in your last which contained sentiments positively wrong. Wrong—and incendiary. I allude to the piece about "Sat'ing a Fresh." When I first read that piece I larfed almost to bust an intestine—and then got whoppin mad. Allow me to inform you, sir, that the person-who-wrote-that-piece's nose is out of joint, and (V. F. V.) I mean to set it right for him.

He implied—he did'nt say it in so many words—but he *implied*, that we Sophs were a lot of "brutes" for putting the freshies through as we do. As a Soph I repuderate the implication. It's a base and baseless fabrication. Out of whose cloth, sir. It has'nt got the first mite of foundation in fact, or reason, or SHAKSPEARE. Does'nt ANTONIO as good as say 'twould be a benign thing for him if SHYLOCK's heart could only be *Sophened?* I rather think he does.

Now has the person-who-wrote-that-piece ever been a Freshman? I *have*, and liked the hazing because I knew it knocked the conceit clean out of me. He does'nt suppose it's any fun for *us* to be rowing round, making night hijous, when we might be snoozing abed, does he? It's a mere work of charity to cut the eye teeth of the freshies, they're so jolly green. Why, one often hem saw the dogs running around in muzzles in dog-days and we used to know "what they'd all got cages on their mouths for." It helps a good smoking out—a regular stifler! would'nt have done a freshman good.

Fact is Freshmen ain't brought up right now-a-days. Their mothers coddle 'em, and cosset 'em, and send them to college great overgrown spoilt babies, and then keep on sending them hampers and things. Only night before last SMITH of yours got wind of a barrel-er-apples that was being carted up to the room of freshman PIPPIN. He whispered it round, and after dark about half our class went up to get a taste of their quality, and *the* barrel was emptied with a pretty considerable degree of stiffness. Good belly-timber they were too—large, bulging, red-faced, jolly fellows. PIPPIN would have gorged himself if he had been left alone with them, so if it *was* apples to us, 'twas nuts to him.

Shave their heads? Gad! I guess we do. I've been at work for three months on my beard, and (inter nos) it is rather a cheap product after all. Now so long as this is the case does it stand to reason that I should permit an insignificant fresh to be at large with his gills adorned with a luxuriant growth of hair? Not by a long short. It's more than flesh (my flesh at any rate) can bear.

One word in the private ear of the person-who-wrote-that-piece. Perhaps you don't know it, but you're an unsophistocated old Muff. I've got a set of bang-up boxing-gloves over my mantle-piece, and I here throw one of them down to you (in a metaphor.) If you ever happen at Jinksville and give yourself the trouble of looking up 52, Attica Hall, we'll see what can be done in the way of soph-fisticating you. So sure as my name's

PEACHDOWN MOUSTACHE, Esq.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, OCT. 3, 1860.

To the Editors of Vantty Fair.

SIR:—I know that your journal is widely read by intelligent persons and I therefore select your columns as the medium for a few words I wish to address to the public.

You see, a few days ago, the two rival literary societies in Old Yale—the Linonian Society and the Brothers in Unity—held their annual "Statement of Facts" at Brewster's Hall. The "Statement of Facts" is intended to keep men just entered College as ignorant as possible of the claims of the two societies, and also to humiliate them as much as possible for the amusement of the Sophs.

You see *I* am in the class of '60, and when the Sophs undertake to make a member of that class take his hat off and *crawl* into the "Statement of Facts," why they've got a job, that's all, and it's time something was done about it. Well you see there *was* more or less fighting all the afternoon and evening, and finally one of our men drew a big dirk knife and just stuck it into a Soph twice—cut the biceps muscles of his left arm *completely off*, which will prevent his travelling on his muscle for some time to come? The Doctor said that our man missed the artery about a sixteenth of an inch, and that if he had cut that, Soph would have been a goner in five minutes!

I'm a man of some eighteen summers, and I have seen a good deal of the world, and I want to say that its nobody's business if our men *did* stick a Soph! The New Haven newspapers said that if "the authorities of the college," (that was their language) couldn't stop such things, it was time for the police to step in! Monstrous idea! I think I see it done! In the first place the *authorities* of the college are the students, and in the next place I should like to see the police *try* to step in. Why only one day last week some of our men were playing foot-ball on the Green, (*contrary to law, mind*) when an impudent little boy, eight years old, got in the way. We ran over him, tramped him down, and broke his arm! Why wasn't some one arrested *then*, I want to know?

What I want to say is, that people might as well stop talking about the students, who are able to take care of themselves and as to their using knives and things, I calculate there isn't law enough in New Haven to stop it. That's *my* Statement of Facts!

I'm not proud, and I won't sign my real name. If you want any more letters from me just drop a line to

Yours truly,

SCHOLASTICUS.

(Only one S on that "cuss," mind.)

P. S.—I've been learning to play billiards since I've been here. There are some of our men play a tip-top game, and I know *one*, sure, that will be ready for a match with BERGER about the time he gets through with MIKE PHELAN. Speaking of BERGER—SAM THOMPSON says (SAM keeps one of our crack saloons) that counting's the way to count, not bouncing, your ball into a gentleman's hat!

Speaking of *bouncing*, you should have seen a shot *I* made last evening! I bounced my ball over the lower, left hand corner pocket, and made a splendid carom on a china spittoon, shivering it into ten thousand fragments! The brilliancy of the shot brought down a low burst of applause from the whole room! The proprietor didn't see it in the light I did. He said the spittoon was a Cochin China spittoon, and cost five dollars. I had it to pay for, and I shan't play any more billiards till I get another remittance. S.

How he Would.

Time has its retributions—we have seen
Two in ten years—when crowned VICTORIA stood
At the NAPOLEON'S Tomb by LOUIS' side,
And when old England's heir, her hope and pride,
Bare headed bowed to that great shade serene,
Immortal WASHINGTON—Oh! if spirits can
Look from the skies upon the deeds of man,
How must the third old GEORGY "cuss and swear,"
At his proud haughty VIC, and her gay heir.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Received at the Office of Vanity Fair,

For the week ending Saturday, Oct. 20, 1860.

TRUBNER & CO., LONDON.

MAPOTECA COLUMBIANA. Colleccion de los Titulos de todos los Mapas, planos, vistas, &c., relativos de la America Espanola, Brasil e Islas adyacentes. Arreglada cronologicamente i precedida de una Introduccion sobre la historia cartografica de America, por E. Uricochea, M.D., Ph. D. In vol. octavo, *brochure.*

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected, arranged and edited by his daughter, with a preface and notes by his son. Illustrated with copies from his own sketches. 2 vols. 12mo., pp. 400. Price $1.75.

OVER THE CLIFFS. A novel. By Charlotte Chanter. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 400. Price $1.25.

THE WILD SPORTS OF INDIA; with remarks on breeding and rearing of horses, and the formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain Henry Shakespear, Commandant Nagpore Irregular Force. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 283. Price 75cts.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help" and Life of George Stephenson. With steel portraits. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 519. Price $1.25.

THE ODES OF HORACE. Translated into English verse, with a life and notes, by Theodore Martin. 1 vol., blue and gold. Price 75cts.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, with VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, and other contemporary celebrities. $1.25.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS. A Christmas Reading. Illustrated. 75cts.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN. By Cuthbert Bede, B.A. Nearly 200 original illustrations. $1.

WOMAN (La Femme). By M. Jules Michelet. 12 mo. $1.

EDGAR POE AND HIS CRITICS. By Sarah Helen Whitman. 12 mo. 75cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER, NEW YORK.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER; an American Story. By J. C. Holland, author of "Boy Path," "Bitter Sweet," "The Titcomb Letters," "Gold Fort," &c., &c. 1 vol. 12mo., 476 pp. Price $1.25.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

THE GREAT PREPARATION; or, REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH. By author of "The Great Tribulation."

THE CHILD (L'Enfant). By author of "L'Amour" and "La Femme."

ESSAYS, by George Brimley. With introduction, by R. H. Stoddard.

THE PRINCE'S BALL. Reprinted with the illustrations from Vanity Fair.

NEW POLKA.

"THE PRINCE'S OWN."

This will be found to be one of the most brilliant Polkas which has appeared for a long time. It will be published full in THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL, No 5. Ready on Thursday next. Copies mailed free on receipt of stamps, by A. HARTHILL & Co., No. 20 North William street, New York. Price Three Cents per copy.

NOW READY; HARTHILL'S ILLUSTRATED POPULAR GUIDE BOOKS FOR 1860.

I.

THE HUDSON RIVER—With Catskills, Saratoga, Lake George, and City of New-York. Described and Illustrated with Fifty Engravings. Price 25 cents.

II.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—Together with Newport and City of Boston. Described and Illustrated with Forty Engravings. Price 25 cents.
From a tour made expressly for this work in July, 1859.

III.

THE ST. LAWRENCE—A Panorama of the river from Niagara to Quebec—Together with all the Cities in Canada. Engraved from the Charts of the Canadian Government and Photographs. Described and Illustrated with Thirty Engravings, in addition to a magnificent Panorama. Price 25 cents.

IV.

THE MISSISSIPPI—With Forty River Maps and Thirty Engravings. Being a complete description of the River from St. Paul to New Orleans, and principal cities connected with its trade and commerce. Price 25 cts.

V.

NIAGARA FALLS AND SCENERY—With full descriptions and Thirty Engravings of the chief points of attraction there. Price 25 cents.

The above Hand-Books are all uniform in size and style, and can be had separately. Price 25 cts each.

They are allowed to be the handsomest, best illustrated, and most readable and reliable Guide Books to the respective districts, published.

All the most important objects of interest and choicest points of beauty connected with these world-renowned districts are presented in these Guide Books with all the truthfulness which photography, first-rate drawings, and the best engravings can produce.

Any one, or all of them, will be mailed by the publishers on receipt of stamps for the amount.

They are on sale at all the principal bookstores, on the cars and steamboats, in all parts of the country.

Publishers, A. HARTHILL & CO.,
No. 20 North William-St., New-York.

Be sure and ask for "HARTHILL'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE BOOKS."

The trade supplied by any of the wholesale houses.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.'" Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The very marked and flattering success which has thus far attended the publication of

VANITY FAIR,

Enables the publisher to announce that with the commencement of the Second Volume, issued this day, 30th June, New Features, both Literary and Artistic, will be introduced, which will increase the value and interest of the paper, and fully maintain the proud position unanimously accorded to it, as the leading

COMIC JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

VANITY FAIR

IS ISSUED REGULARLY EVERY WEDNESDAY.

and is for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum, in advance—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Two copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$5 00
Five copies	12 00
Ten copies	20 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.